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H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1878. NUMBER 48.

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A circular containing advice for the treatment of the diseases above mentioned, certificates of many actual cures, and full particulars of cases successfully treated will be sent free to applicants.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

Saturday, January 5th, 1878,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Milton Jones, Edwin Burkhart and Lemuel Jones, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a beech, on line of tract in name of George Jacobus; thence partly by said tract and partly by tract in the name of Nathaniel Simpson, west 178 perches, more or less, to a post; thence by tract in the name of William Hall, south 410 perches, more or less, to the original line; thence south 68¼ degrees, east 20 perches; thence east 94 perches; thence north 27 perches; thence south 71 degrees, east 10 perches; thence south 39 degrees, east 10 perches; thence south 29 degrees, east 20 perches; thence south 15 degrees, east 10 perches, to a post; thence east 56 perches to an original corner on tract of Robert Buchanan; thence by said tract, north 415 perches, more or less, to the place of beginning—containing 451 acres and 2 perches, more or less, having thereon erected a steam saw mill. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Milton Jones, Edwin Burkhart and Lemuel Jones, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, the north-west corner of the tract, in the name of John Buchanan; thence west, partly by tract in the name of Nathaniel Simpson and partly by tract in the name of Joseph Conn, west 192 perches, more or less, to a post; thence south 335 perches, more or less, to a post; thence south 68¼ degrees, east 284 perches, more or less, to the corner of the tract in the name of John Buchanan; thence north to the place of beginning—containing 457 acres and 76 perches, more or less. *Also*, another tract with the following description: Beginning at a post situated 36 perches west from the southeast corner of the said tract of land; thence north 15 degrees, west 10 perches, to a beech; thence north 36 degrees, west 20 perches, to a post; thence north 71 degrees, west 10 perches, to a beech; thence west 7 perches to a post; thence south 27 perches to a post; thence east 30 perches to the place of beginning—containing 3 acres, 146 perches, and allowance, more or less. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jane Jones.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 10, 1877.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1½ miles from East Tyrone, containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.

Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 869, Altoona.

LORETTO PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms TWO LOTS OF GROUND, well improved, in Loretto borough, on which is erected a comfortable and desirable two story DWELLING HOUSE, 18x30 feet, with a good KITCHEN attached, as well as a substantial STABLE and other necessary OUTBUILDINGS. There are also on the premises, which are located on St. Mary's street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a thriving Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of excellent water. For further information call on or address FRANCIS O'FARRELL, Esq., attorney in fact for

PATRICK MEALLY.

Loretto, Oct. 12, 1877.-3m.

HOTEL PROPERTY AND FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms the well known Mountain House, two doors west of the Pa. R. R. depot in the borough of Gallitzin. This property is well situated and well designed as a hotel and boarding house, and any one wishing to secure a good bargain will find it here.

Also, will be sold on terms equally satisfactory to the purchaser, a **FARM of 112 Acres**, nearly all cleared and with a comfortable HOUSE and BARN thereon erected.

For conditions of sale and other particulars call on or address MARGARET WHELAN,

Nov. 30, 1877. Gallitzin, Pa.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Croyle township, some time during the month of July, a BRINDLE HEIFER, supposed at that time to be about one year old, with the right ear cropped and a hole in the same. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs. JOHN ROREBAUGH.

Croyle Twp., Dec. 10, 1877.-3t.*

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[12-7, 77.-1y.] Corry City, Pa.

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. Night calls should be made at the Post-office. [8-17, 77.-1f.]

AN ABORIGINAL CHANT.

What time the glittering rays of morn,
O'er hill and valley steal,
Chief Joseph's squaw, with dog and corn,
Prepares the Indian meal.

And if, with wild, rebellious shout,
The papoose shall appear,
The chieftain leads the bad child out,
Clutched by the Injine ear.

The breakfast o'er, the daughter strolls
Down glen and shady dell;
While gay young braves, from wooden knolls,
"Look out for the Injine belle!"

Each stricken brave she turns and leaves
Her coyness to bewail;
Her dragging blanket stirs the leaves—
The well-known Indian trail.

A Black Hill's miner, scalped and dead,
Upon the ground is found;
Grim speaks the chief: "There's been, I'm afraid,
An Indian summer's around."

What time he rideth forth to shoot,
His favorite horse the dapple is;
And when he wants a little fruit,
Goes where the Indianapolis.

When finished are his warlike tasks
With brazen incongruity
For overcoats and food he asks,
With charming Indianuity.

At night, before his bed he'll seek,
With countenance forlorn,
He takes his scalping knife, and eke
He trims the Indian corn.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

THE STRIKING STORY OF W. W. FAY—WHAT ONE OF THE SURVIVORS SAW THERE, AND WHAT HE SAW AFTERWARD.

It was at the battle of San Jacinto that the rifle came to my notice. We Texans, having gained advantage over the Mexicans—who first discharge had been aimed too high—rushed on while our enemies paused to reload their guns. Each man reserved his fire for some individual, so that the struggle was less a battle than a succession of duels. Without bayonets, we broke our rifles against their heads, and, with pistol or bowie-knife in hand, trampled down the dying men, plunging our blades into the breasts of the few who opposed us, into the backs of those who fled.

We were still full of memories of the Alamo. Never could we forget how the Mexicans had slaughtered every human being within its walls, save three—a woman, a child and a negro—and afterward burned the bleeding bodies in one horrible pile.

The war cry of our band had been: "Fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo;" and the poor Mexicans, who were, after all, but the slaves of a bloodthirsty tyrant, thought of it also, and moaned, as they fell: "Me no Alamo! Me no Alamo!" hoping to establish a claim for mercy, on the plea that they had no hand in that horrible affair.

In the midst of this conflict I saw my college chum, Howard Rathbone, in instant peril. I rushed to his aid. Having broken his gun over the head of one Mexican, he found himself beset by another, who cried out that he would avenge his brother's blood. As they grappled, the Mexican tried to use his rifle as my chum had his. It was in vain. Howard was the stronger. In a few moments he gained possession of the other's weapon, and struck him a blinding blow. Then, his hands being free, he drew his bowie-knife and plunged it into the Mexican's heart. Meanwhile the savage tide of fighting men poured past. This was a little conflict by itself. Hardly any one noticed it, there were so many others. But as he fell, the dying Mexican clutched the cloth of the soldier's coat in the grip of death, and dragged him down upon his breast, where for a moment he lay as one who had cast himself upon the breast of a friend. Only a moment; but ere he had freed himself these words had been hissed into his ears.

"I curse the gun! May it prove the curse of your life!"

As the Texan struggled to his feet, wrenching the dead clutch from his jacket, he felt inclined to cast the rifle upon the ground. At that moment it was too necessary to him. The next he was a tiger again, beset by other tigers.

"Me no Alamo!" moaned a bleeding Mexican.

He struck him down.

"Mother!" cried a boy, into whose breast he had plunged his blade.

For answer he drove his iron heel into the face that was hardly more than a child's.

* * * * * * * *

Seventeen years had passed since the battle of San Jacinto, when I went to the house of my former chum to see his daughter marry. Soon came the rustic supper the music of two fiddles, dancing, and plenty of drinking—too much by far, but it was the custom of the country. At last the bridegroom's father, standing beside the father of the bride, glanced up at the rifle hanging over the chimney-piece.

"Some of the relics of your fighting times, I reckon," said he.

"Yes," said Rathbone, "yes, I took that from a Mexican rascal at San Jacinto."

"Well, well," said the other, regarding the weapon with curiosity. "Sort of singular looking, ain't it? I never saw a Mexican rifle before. Can't see much of it now—it's so high up."

He had been drinking a good deal and was in high spirits. The same might have been said of the old soldier.

"I'll have it down," said he, "and let you see it."

He mounted on a chair and took the weapon in his hands, the thongs by which it was slung remaining on their nails.

"Here you are, friend," said he. "And now you've got in your hand a rifle that may have been the death of many a brave fellow at the Alamo. It's seventeen years since it was in anybody's hands, and its last shot, mayhap, was fired as a kind of salute to my girl, your boy's bride, who came into the world on that day, her mother not knowing whether she was a widow or not. Eh, mother?"

"Ah! that's a day to remember," said the wife.

"Pa has got his gun down," cried the bride. "Sam, I never saw the gun down before."

As she spoke the other man gave the rifle back into Rathbone's hands, and he stood holding it.

"You don't dare to shoot me," cried the bride. "Ah! pa, you're not as brave as you used to be. You don't dare aim at me."

"Yes, shoot us," laughed half a dozen wild Texan girls. "Shoot us—shoot us—shoot us!"

"Then I will, my pretty robins," cried the father. "One, two, three—fly away or I fire!"

He aimed the weapon that had hung useless on the wall for seventeen years—the gun the Mexican had cursed—at his daughter. It was just as safe a thing to do, in one's opinion, as if it had been a broomstick.

"Who's afraid?" cried the girl.

"Now then, one, two, three," said the soldier. "Bang!"

As he uttered the childish imitation of the sound of firearms, it was drowned in a real explosion. The gun went off, and the bride dropped to the floor with a scream. A bullet had entered her temple. She was dead when they lifted her in their arms. It was plain that, seventeen years before, the Mexican who had owned it had not fired after reloading. His dying words had been fulfilled. His gun had proved a curse to its captor. But how?

I am not willing to admit supernatural agency. I maintain the gun exploded in accordance with the laws of loading and of friction. If men would only try to trace mysterious events to their source, superstition would soon cease. For one, I believe nothing ever occurred which could not be explained. That this is not the common opinion, the narrator is well aware.

But amid all his agony and remorse, my old chum persisted in one statement: He had not pulled the trigger. Those who had watched him closely, veterans expert in the use of firearms, declared that he had not—that the rifle seemed to fire itself off. All that the father could say was: "The gun is cursed. The devil of a Mexican cursed the gun."

To comfort him, we all agreed it was so. Indeed, I am not sure but they all thought it. Inwardly, I resolved to ferret out the mystery.

The horrible accident nearly broke his heart. He had been a fine-looking, upright, middle-aged man when his daughter's wedding day dawned; when he arose from the bed on which a long and terrible illness laid him, he was bent like a patriarch of ninety, and his hair, from being brown and rich, was thin and white as snow.

As for the gun the Mexican had cursed, the soldier had never seen it since that day.

Strong in her tenderness for the father, even in her grief for her child, the mother had overcome her horror of the dreadful thing, and had carried it to the great garret. There she hid it in a lumber closet, so that it might not trouble her unhappy husband should his eyes ever look upon the things of this world again. He had never asked about it; he believed it had been destroyed. He did not know that the powder-horn and the shot-bag hung beside it.

Again I was making my annual visit at the old homestead. It was a warm day, and my former chum had been a-field since dawn. At noon his job was done, and the boys who had toiled with him followed him home, full of glee that their work was over.

"I shall take a nap, lads," he said, after dinner. "As for you, you can do the same if you like, or you might go fishing. There's plenty of trout in the kill, I'm told."

And as the boys both cried aloud that fishing was their choice, their father smiled upon them.

"Whatever troubles we've had, mother," he said, "we've two fine boys."

And he went to take his nap with a lighter heart than he had often had since the fatal marriage day.

But when he had fallen asleep he began to dream strange, troubled dreams. He was at the battle of San Jacinto, and the Mexican's lips were at his ear.

"I cursed the gun." He heard again: "May it prove a curse to you."

Other guns were firing all about them; he heard the noise, he smelt the smoke. Suddenly he awoke—the noise of the report of firearms was actually in his ears and he detected the odor of gunpowder.

He saw his wife on her knees in the middle of the room.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"I do not know," sobbed the poor woman. "I heard a noise—I am frightened!"

Then they rushed together to the garret whence came a sound of groans.

Meanwhile I had heard the boys go past my room and up the garret stairs, probably in search of fishing tackle. I called them back.

"Be careful, boys," I cautioned them, "about the lumber closet. There is an old gun in it that may be loaded. Don't go near it."

"All right," said Charlie. "Come on, Will."

Feeling I had done my duty, I settled back to finish an article for the *Mercury*.

They went up stairs.

"Fishing is all very well," said the elder, "but I'd like shooting better. What a pity father won't let us have guns."

He crossed the garret and opened the door of the lumber closet.

"Yes, there the old thing is. I don't believe it's loaded. What if it is? Reckon I know how to manage a gun!"

"Let's take it on the sly," said his brother. "Let it out of the window, and I'll carry it to the woods. There is the powder-flask and bullet-pouch, too. We can get some caps at the store, Charlie."

"A good idea," said Charlie, advancing toward the closet from which his brother came, trailing the gun after him. Neither of them guessed it was the weapon that had caused their sister's death. "Let's have it, Will," said he, and took it. Suddenly there was a flash, a report, and a horrible scream from the little fellow, who fell forward on his face at the feet of the elder. His prostrate form was what his wretched parents saw as we three rushed into the old garret.

The other boy stood utterly unable to move, clutching the weapon that had caused all this.

"May God have mercy on us, it is the cursed rifle again!" cried the father.

Then the boy found words.

"I swear I did not load it!" he said. "I swear I did not touch the trigger!"

And still his brother lay dead at his feet.

On the night before, I had seen a sight that might have prophesied this tragedy. Would heaven I had told of it!

The kitchen clock was striking eleven. In a country house like that people go early to bed. The family had been asleep an hour. I was reading, but paused to listen to the striking of the loud-mouthed clock. As it ceased, I fancied I heard a footfall upon the stairs. I opened the door.—Slowly the noise came nearer. It had the sound that can come only from a bare foot. The next second I saw my host, Rathbone, approaching me.

"You'll catch cold, old fellow," said I. "Put on your coat."

To my surprise he answered not at all, but came slowly on.

Then I saw, for the first time, a somnambulist.

For a moment I hesitated whether to awake him. He was easily mortified; and my catching him in such a plight would prove disagreeable to us both. So I simply followed him.

He went on, past my door, and up the stairs. At the garret entrance he stopped a second, then lifted the latch and entered. I was close behind.

Without the least hesitation he advanced to the lumber closet. I did not know the old rifle was there, and again I followed. The moonlight, streaming in through the chinks in the eaves and one broken window, made the dreary place quite light.

He turned the wooden button of the closet door, and drew out a powder horn. Then he brought out a bag of shot. And then—the fatal gun.

At once I remembered it. Who, indeed, that had ever seen it could forget the heavily chased mountings of silver, the grotesquely carved butt, the enormous barrel? With the recollection there flashed upon me such a horror as I had never felt.

Still, I was powerless to move. I tried to cry out. My tongue refused,

At last I found utterance. But in the brief moment I had thought of the consequences that must follow my awaking him. Here, evidently, was the precious secret kept so long—the clue to his daughter's death. No doubt the gun had been loaded before the fatal bridal day, in the same manner, and by the same man, in the same condition of somnambulism, as I saw it was being loaded now. The father was unconscious that he was really the murderer of his daughter. He knew the gun had gone off in his hand, but ascribed it to the Mexican's curse. Why should I undeceive him? Had he not sorrow enough? So I let him be. Shuddering I saw him ram home the charge and then put the rifle back.

Was I not right? Is there any event so seemingly supernatural, so clothed in mystery, that chance cannot make it plain as any page of Nature's laws?

The old rifle is mine. It is gleaming at me even now.

A FEARFUL SWING.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN A COAL MINE.

The "shaftmen" at our collieries, says Chambers' *Journal*, are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will show how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the "tubbing" or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks, or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N—— has a double shaft, divided by a "bratticing," or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is insured by the arrangement of the wire ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guiders running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cages.

On one occasion, during a severe frost, these guiders had become coated with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which, fortunately, was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a small boy returning to "bank," proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow par of the shaft, where, of course, there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken, as the engine man, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting, that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken—in fact, rendered useless—by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greatest anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with his life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow while suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this, then, a shaft-man, whom we will call Johnson, ascended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work, by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident had occurred, and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downward, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the idea of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view of liberating, if possible, the entangled cages and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet when, to his horror and amazement, his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope, and the terrible discovery flashed upon him that he *was suspended in the loop of the slack rope*, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage.

It will be understood that when the descending cage struck upon the runners as the rope continued to unwind from the pully it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower, until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop, or "bight," was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the *two ropes*, and he did not discover it until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered the brattice into shaft A *below*, instead of above, where the cages were fixed. There he hung then over a yawning abyss many fathoms deep—closed from above by the locked cages—all below looking dark and horrible.

None, of course, knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold, added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the shaftman! His square, sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now in on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed, he must have been paralyzed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognizable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guiders running down the inside of the shaft are fastened on to the cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these he might obtain footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a *fearful swing*. Gaining a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice! he felt the cold icy face of the "tubbing," but as yet nothing but slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg.

At last he touched a cross beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered upward alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening into shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped and frozen, and barely able to give the signal he was drawn to the pit mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame he still pursues his hardy task as a shaftsman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his Fearful Swing.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."—A lady was walking quietly along the city street, not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of double-shuffle all around a curb stone, and then raced down the street in great haste, for it was evident, by the books under his arm, he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer she fancied it was a pine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he did—and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear, gray eyes, and this simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm towards the noisy fellow. He had slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to go twice over the same ground, but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and may be saved the life or limbs of a feeble old man, or a tender little child. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back. It is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business;" but he *made* it his business, and in this showed a trait of character which promised well for the future. There is nothing nobler on earth than this taking care that "somebody else" shall not suffer needlessly. The child who grows up with such a spirit always active in him, may make his home like a heaven upon earth; and he will never know what it is to be unloved or friendless.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.—The Dresden gallery is the finest collection north of the Alps. The Sistine Madonna alone is enough to make a gallery famous. It is the most celebrated picture in the world. It has been reproduced so often in copies, engravings, chromos and photographs that it would be difficult to find a person who is not familiar with the conception—the Holy Virgin, with the child Jesus in her arms, standing on the clouds, St. Sixtus on her left, below, looking up adoringly, St. Barbara on her right, with her face turned toward the spectator, and beneath two little cherubs leaning over a railing represented near the frame. The pose and action of the figures, especially of the Virgin, are admirable; the expression sweet, pure and rapt. Raphael was in the best period of his short life when he painted this picture, and taken altogether—the dignity of the subject, the beauty of the coloring, the symmetry of the composition, and the soul which his genius here best displays—it is worthy of its fame. Properly it occupies a room by itself, and the art lover, who returns to it again and again, finds that it daily increases its hold upon his imagination. The picture is about eight feet seven inches high and six feet four inches wide. It was carefully restored in 1816.

HERE is a Baltimore tramp's story: "At Perryville I went to a house with a brick in my hand and asked the lady if she would please be so kind as to put some butter on it. The request excited her curiosity, and she asked: 'Why do you want to put butter on a brick?' I told her I was going to eat it. 'Surely,' she said, 'you are not so hungry as to eat a buttered brick? Come into the house and I'll give you food.' I bagged a square meal, for which I had set so slick a trap. In the western section of the State I asked at a house for something to eat, and on being refused begged for a looking-glass, which, of course excited inquiry, and when I replied that I wanted to see myself starving to death, it brought what I was after."

A Department Romance.

Posted conspicuously all along the corridors of the Interior Department is the following:

There are no vacancies in this department. Applicants cannot be seen. Applications in writing will be received and placed on file for future examination.

I called the attention of the venerable clerk, who was showing me around and giving me lessons in Civil Service Reform, to this notice and remarked:

"I suppose this is another device got up to deceive the people?"

"Yes it serves the purpose of deceiving applicants to a limited extent, but it was originally got up for the benefit of one person alone. The history of that notice is somewhat romantic, and would be a good subject for a 'yaller kiver.'"

I urged him to give me the story, which he did in nearly the following language:

"Some years ago there was a young clerk occupying a desk near the entrance to the building. He was rather reckless in his character, fond of a joke, and loved an adventnre better than he loved wine, which is saying a good deal. One day a young girl, well dressed and aged about sixteen, entered his room and asked if he was Secretary of the Interior. He saw at a glance that she was a simple-minded country girl, and wondering what she could want with the Secretary, determined to find out all about it, and promptly replied in the affirmative. She thereupon told him that she had recently been left an orphan and among strangers: that her father's estate, which was considerable before the war, had been swept away; and that she was penniless and obliged to support herself. She had a good education and wrote a fair hand, and hearing that situations in the departments were frequently filled by ladies she had determined to apply for one herself.

"The clerk ascertained that she had no backing, but that in her simplicity of mind had come here thinking that no such thing was necessary. He thereupon decided upon a line of action, infamous in design and disastrous in its consequences. Still carrying the idea that he was the Secretary he ascertained her stopping place, and agreed to consider her application and call that evening to inform her of the result. He also cautioned her, on some specious pretext, against talking with others on the subject of her business. He called at the time appointed, and, telling her that there were no vacancies at present, advised her to take lodgings somewhere and wait, promising her the first place when a vacancy occurred. She took his advice, and the result can easily be imagined. It was the old, old story. Of course she never got the situation promised, but was put off from day to day and month to month on various pretexts, until finally, by a change of administration, he lost his own situation.

"Overwhelmed by the loss of his position and the consciousness of the infamy of his conduct toward the poor girl, he shrank from telling her the truth: and fearing the consequences if his guilt should become known, he resolved to conceal his crime by still further deception. To this end he wrote her a note, telling her that he had been suddenly called to Europe on important business connected with his department, but that he had left orders to have a place given her as soon as a vacancy occurred; that in the meantime she could always tell whether a situation was open to her by looking at the notice posted on the wall in the department. That night he got several copies of the above notice printed and surreptitiously posted them up.

"Filled with grief at his sudden departure, and filled with a foreboding of impending evil, she wended her way to the department on her first visit of reconnoissance. She saw the notices; and, overcome with despondency, she for the first time ventured to disobey the instructions she had received. Entering the office where she first met her deceiver, months before, she inquired for the Secretary of the Interior. She was shown to his room, and there the whole secret came out. The scene in that office, when the kind-hearted Secretary revealed the truth, can never be described. Suffice it to say, she was conducted from that room utterly broken in mind and health. The Secretary provided for her immediate necessities, and called the attention of some charitable ladies to her case. For weeks she lay hovering on the brink of the grave with a brain fever, and when she arose her mind was gone and her hair was gray. Her betrayer was traced out and forced to contribute to her support, but for the sake of his family the whole matter was kept from publicity. When she was able to go about an attempt was made to change her abode and surroundings, but she resisted the attempt with terrible energy, believing, as she did, that her lover would one day return. She clung to this hallucination to the last, and every day at the hour of noon she visited the department and read the notice, and finding 'no vacancies' turned away with a sigh and returned to her room. Once the notices were taken down, but she became so demon

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - JAN. 4, 1878.

IN our enumeration in the last issue of the FREEMAN of the officers to be filled at the election next November, we inadvertently and unaccountably forgot to mention two members of Assembly. Our readers no doubt readily detected and supplied an omission so apparent.

IT is reported that Sam Josephs proposes shortly to sail for Brazil, where he is said to be connected with certain railroad projects. It is not stated, and if it were we would not believe it, that he is in any way connected with the Messrs. Collins in their railway contract around the rapids of the Madeira river, in that country. If Josephs should expatriate himself, it would be a source of infinite relief to the honest portion of the Philadelphia Democracy, but it would be very bad for some of the guileless subjects of Dom Pedro.

WE neglected to state in our last issue that J. T. Farley, Democrat, had been elected by the Legislature of California to the United States Senate as the successor of A. A. Sargent, Republican, whose term will expire on the 4th of March, 1879. Four years ago, when Booth, the present *Independent* Senator, as he calls himself, was elected, Mr. Farley was the nominee of the Democratic caucus, and his election now is a just recognition of his ability as well as his claims to the honor. The Senate will gain immensely by the disappearance of Sargent, who is the head and front of the corrupt Pacific coast ring, and who as a Senator has always been the willing and unscrupulous advocate of the worst species of legislative jobbery. Democratic lightning will next strike the four unsavory carpet-baggers—Patterson, Conover, Spencer and Dorsey—and then, after the 4th of March, 1879, farewell—a long farewell—to the bloody shirt rule of Conkling, Edmunds, Blaine, and their associates in the Senate of the United States.

AT a late meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Allegheny county, next Tuesday was fixed as the time for holding the county convention to elect delegates to the Democratic State convention. From the remarks made by several members of the committee, it can be stated, in advance, that the delegates will present a solid front in favor of the nomination of Hon. James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, for Governor. He is a gentleman of ability, a consistent and hard-working Democrat, and retired from Congress on the 4th of March last, in which he faithfully represented for a single term one of the two strong Republican districts of Allegheny county. We take pleasure in saying this much about Mr. Hopkins, and if all the other prospective candidates were as competent as he is admitted to be, there would not be much danger of an unfit nomination being made. The qualifications of the candidates should be freely and openly discussed before the meeting of the convention, so that in the event of the Democracy being successful at the election neither they nor the people of the State will have any cause to be ashamed of the result.

IN a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher boldly avowed his disbelief in the existence of hell. The same doctrine has lately been preached in England by Dr. Farrar, a distinguished clergyman of the Established Church, which has caused a vast deal of excitement in that country. A very short time before Beecher's new departure, Dr. Porter, President of Yale College, and Dr. Hopkins, ex-President of Williams College, the two foremost Congregational seats of learning in this country, in a council held at North Adams, Mass., warmly espoused the same doctrine. If it had been known that Beecher repudiated the existence of a hell his testimony would have been excluded on his trial for adultery, and the pulpit of Plymouth church would not have known him for a considerable length of time. His is the plainest case of a man whose "wish is father to his thought." It is a most comfortable belief, and the worst elements of society would no doubt like to see the dreaded place abolished. If Beecher could bring the world to his happy way of viewing the matter, what a high carnival of crime would be inaugurated, to be followed by the building of another ark, the selection of another Noah, if one could be found, and after that a second deluge.

ROBERT SMALLS, the colored member of Congress from the Fifth South Carolina district, has manifested a devotion to the interests of his constituents which is worthy of all praise. Smalls bore a good character, but in an evil hour during the high old times of reconstruction he sought office, and from 1868 until he was elected to Congress was a member of the South Carolina Legislature. While he was in the State Senate he fell from grace by accepting a bribe of $5,000 for his vote in favor of a certain bill, for which offense he was indicted and convicted about a month ago, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. A motion relating to the case was made by his counsel, and he was permitted to enter bail for his appearance on the day appointed by the Court for its argument. Smalls' guilt was made so plain on his trial as to preclude any hope that the sentence will not be executed. The penitentiary, however, has no terrors for him, for only a few days before the recess of Congress he quietly appeared in the House and took his seat as though nothing unusual had befallen him. Smalls enjoys the proud distinction of being the first member of Congress who, while a sentence of three years in the penitentiary is suspended over him, patriotically assists in making laws for the government of the people of this model Republic. Who will say that this is not a great and a glorious country?

UP to the recess of Congress Ben Butler was as completely "bottled up" as Grant represented him to have been on a certain occasion during the war on the James river. About ten days ago, however, he opened his mouth to a Republican club in Boston, and in his address had the heroic impudence to say that between then and the first of February Mr. Hayes must decide whether he would be the President of the Republican party, or go clean over to the Democracy. We have no doubt that Butler is politically miserable and unhappy under the changed condition of things at Washington, and that it is hard for him to realize that Grant does not occupy the White House with a two-thirds majority in Congress obedient to his stubborn will. Butler is in the same pitiable plight as John A. Logan, who lately confessed, with a sad heart, that his influence with Mr. Hayes and his administration did not amount to a row of pins. Logan could not have paid Hayes a higher compliment. It is a most happy deliverance for the country that the counsels of the Logans and Butlers, and men of their stamp, have ceased to have any influence at the White House. Butler's opposition to Hayes of course grows out of the Southern policy of the latter. Under its wholesome operation, which was simply adopting the long avowed purpose of the Democratic party, profound peace prevails throghout the South, and all classes of society are working harmoniously and prosperously. That is the very condition of affairs which malcontents like Butler do not want to see, and which they did not anticipate when they supported Mr. Hayes for the Presidency. It is of no consequence, however, what Butler may think or say about Hayes and his treatment of the South as long as the country applauds and endorses it. That Mr. Hayes will continue in the same patriotic course he has been pursuing in defiance of the loud threats of the radical wing of the Republican party is not to be doubted. He could not change or reverse his policy even if he desired to do so, which he clearly does not. The first of February, the limit allowed by Butler to Hayes for a change of base, is rapidly approaching, and after it has passed Butler will find that no back step will be taken, but that Mr. Hayes will rigidly adhere to his Southern policy because it is right, has brought forth the most satisfactory results, and is sustained by fair-minded people throughout the whole country.

BEECHER ON (NOT IN) HELL.—The following extract from Henry Ward Beecher's late sermon on hell, to which editorial reference is made elsewhere, will enable our readers to understand the views entertained by that shining light of Plymouth church on so vital and interesting a question :

"It was also said that Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin the whole human race fell. The human race had existed on the earth for thousands and thousands of years, and had gone on propagating and multiplying until all the waves of the ocean which had rolled in upon the shore during those centuries did not contain drops enough, nor the sands of the sea particles enough, nor all the figures of the arithmetic numbers enough, to compute the preface, to say nothing of the body, of the great history of the human race. The numbers of the human race were actually beyond computation, and for thousands and thousands and thousands of years they had been born into the world, had lived, and struggled, and finally died, and gone—where? "If you tell me that they have all gone to heaven, my answer will be that such a sweeping of mud into heaven would defile its purity, and I cannot accept that. If you tell me that they have gone to hell, then I swear by the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have sworn to worship forever, that you will make an infidel of me. The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with human beings, during a period three-fourths of which was not illuminated by an altar or a church, and 19 places where a vast population of those people are yet without that light, is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself, and I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will not go to heaven.' A heaven presided over by such a demon as that, who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings, and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without taking the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe it and I won't. They say the saints in heaven are so happy that they do not mind the torments of the damned in hell; but what sort of saints must they be who could be happy while looking down upon the horrors of the bottomless pit? They don't mind—they're safe—they're happy! What would the mother think of the sixteen-year-old daughter who, when her infant was lying dead in the house, should come dancing and singing into the parlor, and exclaim, 'Oh! I'm so happy, mother, I don't care for the dead baby in the coffin; I'm glad she's not to be shocked? And so with this doctrine; and by the blood of Christ I denounce it; by the wounds in His hands and His side, I abhor it; by His groans and agony, I abhor and denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology."

SHORTLY after the fall of Plevna, the Emperor of Russia went to St. Petersburgh, where he was received with the most extravagant rejoicing by the people. He promised the army that he would return to it in about a month. Heavy snow storms and intensely cold weather in Bulgaria have rendered army movements impossible, and the present campaign may be regarded as at an end. Many thousands of army horses and several hundred Turkish prisoners have been frozen to death. The pontoon bridges across the Danube have been swept away by the floating ice, with the exception of two, which have been taken up to prevent their destruction. The Russian army is consequently in a very precarious position, as its supplies of food for the men and forage for the horses are on the northern bank of the river, and cannot be transported across it in the absence of bridges until it freezes over. As the army cannot go to where the provisions are, nor the provisions be conveyed to the army, its perilous situation can readily be comprehended. The Sultan of Turkey, at the close of last week, addressed a note to the British government, asking it to ascertain from Russia upon what terms peace could be effected, and Russia has replied that Turkey must first apply to the Russian commanders-in-chief in Bulgaria and Armenia for an armistice, which will be granted. If affairs should assume this shape, the pen will take the place of the sword, and the war may be terminated by peaceful negotiation before the opening of spring.

THE Legislature met at Harrisburg on Tuesday last. In the Senate, Thomas V. Cooper, of Delaware county, was elected President *pro tem*, while in the House, E. Reed Myer, of Bradford county, Speaker of the last session, resumed the chair. With a few exceptions all the former officers of both houses were retained. The Governor's message, a synopsis of which we will publish next week, was sent in on Wednesday.

Light on a Dark Story.

It is now more commonly believed than acknowledged that the campaign which began with the advance of the army of the Potomac under General Grant, May 3, 1864, was unsoldierlike and unstatesmanlike, and resulted only in the squandering of costly human lives. Even the ultimate success at Appomattox has never reconciled the country to that awful series of battles lost and hopeless flanking marches through which our army was moved from the Rapidan to the James, baffled by a foe it outnumbered three to one and leaving on its bloody way as many men as Lee commanded. Those who have looked at events with the purpose of finding their true meaning, and not with the design of interpreting to fit partisan theories, long ago perceived that the transfer of the army of the Potomac to the James was a confession on the part of General Grant that the overland campaign was a failure, and a vindication of the soundness of General McClellan's original plans for the capture of the rebel capital and the overthrow of the rebellion. When Grant departed from the course of McClellan he met with disaster; when he put himself in McClellan's footsteps he met with success. The superiority of the former as a fighting soldier has generally been conceded, but the superiority of the the latter in strategy is beginning to be acknowledged and, as a consequence, the righteousness of his quarrel with the administration which recalled him from Richmond and insisted upon a direct advance from Washington. These are the views which now have chiefly a historical interest, but a statement in some "Reminiscences of the Civil War," contributed by Gen. Richard Taylor, one of the foremost of the Confederate commanders, to the current number of the *North American Review* revives them as if by the incantation of a wizard. It puts them also, we are sorry to say, in a new and most painful light. Everybody knew that either the administration or its chosen general had blundered in that unfortunate campaign of the Wilderness, but few have supposed that the responsibility of either went any further. General Taylor now clears the military reputation of Grant by an assertion which involves the administration in downright crime. He states that the overland campaign was adopted in the facee of Grant's explicit declaration that it would involve the sacrifice of 100,000 more human lives. These are his words :

"After the battle of Chickamauga in 1863, Gen. Grant was promoted to the command of the armies of the United States and called to Washington. In a conference at the war office between him, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, the approaching campaign in Virginia was discussed. Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James river. It was replied that the government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington and would not consent at that late day to the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error. Grant observed that he was indifferent as to routes, but if the government preferred its own—so often tried—to the one suggested it must be prepared for the additional loss of 100,000 men. The men were promised, Grant accepted the government plan of campaign and was supported to the end. The above came to me well authenticated and I have no doubt of its correctness."

This is certainly a horrible story. The immolation of 100,000 men to avoid a confession of error on the part of an administration matches anything in the annals of the most despotic governments on earth. To believe that the long agony which the nation endured in 1864 was borne to make good the blunders of civilians involves so much that is revolting that nothing but the reputation of the soldier who vouches for the tale could make us entertain it. General Taylor expressly and significantly says that it came to him on good authority. No authority for such an accusation can be good which is less than that of one of the men directly concerned. President Lincoln was dead before Gen. Taylor came North after the war. Edwin M. Stanton was probably capable of the atrocious calculation charged, but he is not likely ever to have had an opportunity of communicating it to Gen. Taylor. There remains, therefore, but one source from which it could have reached General Taylor. This consideration will make our readers shudder with us at the probability of its truth.—*N. Y. World.*

A QUARRYMAN'S ROMANCE.—Not long ago a man, whose Anglicized name was Peter Taylor, fell from a derrick at the Allandale quarries, in Canaan, Conn., and was killed. He was merely a laborer in a stone quarry, and received no more than usual mention incident to such accidents in the local papers. But for all that a romance belonged to his life, more sad perhaps than unusual, yet still not without interest. Many remember how a quarter of a century or more ago the dashing and magnetic Hungarian rebel, Louis Kossuth, came to this country, and how tens of thousands of Americans, sympathizing with the spirit of freedom and resistance to tyranny which he presented, not only gave him a welcome, but invested in Kossuth bonds, and scorned to ask security. Many others, also, sought these hospitable shores about the same time, having fled from the wrath of angry governments. They wore the black hats and feathers which became the grand rage, and sported the splendid military mustaches that were the envy of the young Americans. Among these exiled fellows of the unfortunate chief was Peter Taylor, young and handsome, but reserved and sensitive. The adverse result of this fight for liberty had crushed his prospects forever. His ambition did not thrive in a strange land. There came a time when he might have returned to Hungary, but it was worse to go than to stay. His nearest friends were dead. The lady whom he would have married had he returned to his home with a conquering army was either dead or had married another, and so he remained where he had first found himself after securing an asylum in this country. With few friends, and perhaps fewer enemies, he had lived a patient life, and in his death was hardly to be pitied, for fortune had been his enemy, and now at least she can no longer quarrel with him.

THE CASE OF BRIDGET.—It is a pity that Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm cannot be taught a lesson of moderation and Christian charity by the *United Presbyterian*, which publishes a three column article of the most cruel and unjust abuse of the domestic "Bridget," who is so sinful as to be an Irish woman and belong to a different church from that which Mrs. Swisshelm honors with her presence. One would imagine that a religious newspaper would know better than allow itself to be made the vehicle of the ill-natured phillipic of a scribbling scold. Among the charges which this Christian lady brings against the poor servant girl is that "she steals more than her wages," and straightway gets absolution by dividing her plunder with her spiritual adviser. This is a cruel falsehood, hitting Bridget and the Church at the same time. A New York lady, who keeps a large establishment, told the writer, who, on one occasion, expressed astonishment that she, who was not a Catholic, should always insist on having Irish Catholic servants, that she did so because it was a guarantee for their good behavior. "Too often," she said, "one cannot appeal to the intelligence of servants, and I find that the Roman Catholic Church acts upon my girls as a moral police. Many servants are given to pilfering, but I never knew a shady church going Catholic girl who was dishonest."—*Washington (D. C.) Post.*

ALMANACS are up again at the drug stores.

News and Other Notings.

—There were 1,100 deaths in Pittsbugh last year.

—Forty nine persons were killed in Allegheny county last year.

—Patrick Murphy has been missing from Pittsburgh for five weeks.

—The Pope declined to accept any diplomatic congratulations on New Year's day.

—A four year-old boy in Middletown Conn., smokes and swears, just like his papa.

—The new Union depot at Pittsburg cost the Pennsylvania railroad company $85,000.

—Miss Weatherhog, of Kingsey Falls, Quebec, has just got rid of her name in the ordinary way.

—There is talk of a bill changing the time for the meeting of Congress, and the reasons offered seem plausible.

—An explosion occurred at the Stanton shaft, near Wilkesbarre, on Friday, in which seven persons were injured.

—Mr. Isaac Davis, of Indianapolis, has a Cochin China hen that catches and kills mice with the dexterity of a terrier.

—Late Monday afternoon two more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Barclay street (New York) fire, making eight in all.

—In the Commune of Rivola d'Adda, in Italy, a woman has given birth to quintuplets, all living. A year ago she bore four children at a birth.

—John Mangus committed suicide at Tracy City, Tennessee, Monday night, by jumping into a bake oven, an almost complete cremation ensuing.

—The publishers of the Pittsburgh *Leader* presented a boot black's box to every boy in the city engaged in that business, on New Year's day.

—Thomas Durkin has been arrested, charged with being one of the Mollie Maguires that murdered Superintendent Smith at Jeanesville, Pa., November 5, 1863.

—The Twin Relic still flourishes. Sixty-five polygamous marriages were celebrated at Salt Lake on Friday and as many more saintly couples were sent away until Saturday.

—Benjamin Snyder died at Kutztown, Berks county, a few days ago, in his 86th year. He leaves 105 living descendants—6 children, 48 grandchildren and 51 great-grandchildren.

—The Governor of New York has pardoned John Ryan, sentenced May 8, 1874, to twenty years for burglary and larceny. The District Attorney, Judges and complainant believe him innocent.

—There were published in the Philadelphia *Ledger* last week notices of the deaths of ten men and ten woman whose ages were over eighty years. The oldest was over ninety eight years of age.

—The exasperating work of putting up a stovepipe resulted in a tragedy in Lancaster. Cheney and his father-in-law, Snyder, quarreled over the job, and Cheney was killed in the fight that ensued.

—A Berks county resident while eating oysters on the shell found a nickel cent of date of 1853, partly covered over by the heart of the oyster. There was also an indentation in the shell produced by the cent.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* thinks there is danger the Bible will be driven out of the public schools, since a Catholic priest down east insists upon its being kept among the school books. This seals its doom.

—Mrs. Dalby, of New Orleans, locked her baby, five months old, up in a room with a pet terrier, and when she returned found that the dog had almost eaten off the little one's foot, which was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated.

—A special from Vienna to London *Telegraph* states that instructions were sent by telegraph from St. Petersburg, on Sunday, to the Russian commanders in Europe and Asia, to receive any overture for a truce that might be made by the Turks.

—The Irish Catholic colonization society of Philadelphia has purchased about 7,000 acres of land in Virginia, about ninety miles west of Richmond, on the line of the Richmond & Danville Railroad. A Catholic colony will shortly settle on this land.

—A young man in Saline county, Mo., playfully attempted to kiss a pretty young widow who was boarding in the same house with him. In the scuffle the widow suddenly thrust a finger into one of the young man's eyes, totally destroying the sight.

—A little child three years of age named Michael Dodds, of Saltsburg station on the Connellsville railroad, was accidentally shot in the head on Sunday by a cousin named Peter Dodds, who was examining a revolver. The child was expected to die.

—William Strider, of Greenfield, O., is a man of an unbounded stomach. In 1876 his Christmas dinner consisted of a fourteen-pound turkey and six mince pies; last year (last week) he devoured a twenty-five pound gobbler, with the usual accessories.

—In Georgetown, D. C., Monday night, George Washington and Jas. Hutchinson, brothers-in law, quarreled, and went into a yard adjoining their premises "to settle it." It was settled by Washington stabbing Hutchinson in the region of the heart, Hutchinson dying within an hour.

—On Monday night the barn of Michael Shadle, in Limestone township, Lycoming county, was burned, together with the entire crop, five horses, ten head of cattle, hogs, poultry, harness and wagons. Loss, $2,000; no insurance. The family were absent ar the time, attending a meeting at the church near by. The house was saved.

—Innocence and crime are curiously blended in the case of the little girl at Philadelphia, whose parents took her from school and treated her as a servant in a house of ill fame which they conducted. The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children, to whom she applied for deliverance, very properly removed her from their inhuman keeping.

—There is a case of *lapsus naturæ* on Fountain street, Allegheny. A well developed child was born the other day with a tumor fully the size of its natural head growing from its neck. As this growth was covered with hair of the same line as that on the head of the child, it gave the appearance of two heads. An enterprising photographer has taken the child's picture.

—"That's the medicine that would have saved me a week ago," said Elizabeth Gibson, aged forty-eight, an occupant of the Ashley Building, St. Louis, when they gave her some soup. She died of starvation in a room where her husband lay paralyzed, and her son, a boy of five, was reduced by hunger to a skeleton. Then the neighbors bustled about and gave her remains a $30 funeral.

—On the night of Tuesday last Lewis Howland, of Indianapolis, a student at Cambridge, Mass., dreamed that he had received an Indianapolis paper announcing his father's death. The dream made such an impression on his mind that he mentioned it to some of his comrades Wednesday morning. On Wednesday evening his father died and the son received a telegram announcing the fact.

—New Year's night about 9 o'clock John Haddock, aged 21, stabbed and instantly killed Miss Lizzie Davis, aged 19, while at her home in the village of Ferndale, about two miles from Catasaqua, Pa. Haddock then returned to his own dwelling, a few doors off, and shot himself through the heart. It is not certain what was the real motive which led to the murder of Miss Davis, but jealousy is believed to have been the primary cause.

STILL IN THE FIELD, AND THE BARS DOWN!

When You Visit Carrolltown,

Which you should do if for no other purpose than to secure big bargains at the

PEOPLE'S CHEAP CASH STORE!

BE SURE TO CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE ON

S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.,

WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

ELEGANT NEW GOODS FOR FALL SALES!

WHICH THEY HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK AND ARE NOW OFFERING AT

PRICES NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED!

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US:

We bought $10,000 worth of Goods for $5,000 cash from the stock of a Wholesale House in New York city which was closed out at Assignee's sale, and are determined to give the people a remedy for hard times by selling them Goods 35 per cent. cheaper than they have ever before or can now buy elsewhere.

CALL AND SEE OUR GOODS,

AND EXAMINE OUR PRICES.

As we have the largest assortment and greatest variety in the county, and are prepared to give BETTER BARGAINS than can be obtained at any other establishment.

S. TEITELBAUM & BROTHER,

CARROLLTOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

Oct. 5, 1877.—3m.

—At Laporte, Indiana, on Thursday, a number of citizens rode through the principal streets on a boat drawn by mules, the mud being a foot and a half deep.

—Thrifty souls! In Ontario recently the father of a man for whose apprehension as the accomplice of a murderer a reward was offered, gave the son up, remarking that "he had been put to a good deal of expense and must get some of the money back;" in Michigan the female cousin of a young man who was wanted for an attempted assault on a girl tracked him and gave him up so as to secure the reward and get married, and went to housekeeping on the proceeds.

—The efforts to let light in on the dark mystery which surrounds the assassination of James O'Neil, the locomotive engineer, upon the streets of Bloomington, Ill., one night last week, have culminated in the arrest of Charles Wheaton, yard master of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Bloomington, upon whom suspicion rests so firmly as to justify his detention under a capital charge. It is believed that Wheaton killed O'Neil for suspected or known "intimacy" with Mrs. Wheaton, his wife.

—Charles Napier, an Englishman of good standing in science, has been testing the theory that alcoholic drink is compatible with animal food, but not with farinaceous. He announces, as the practical result of many experiments, that a vegetable diet is a remarkable help to the cure of drunkenness. He mentions the case of an old man whose constitution had been shattered by repeated attacks of delirium tremens, and who was cured of his appetite for liquor in seven months by eschewing meat.

—Dr. L. B. Woodfolk, of Lexington, Ky., says that the present mild weather indicates his well known weather theory, that heavy cannonading draws the Arctic currents to the place of firing, taking with them cold weather and great snowfalls and giving to the other parts of the world no snow. The cold at the Crimea in 1854-'5 gave to this continent an open winter, and now the bombardment of Plevna and other Turkish strongholds is bringing on the same conditions of weather as then.

—A terrible accident occurred at Memphis on the day before Christmas, about 2.30 A. M. Detective C. Pride, while half asleep, imagined he heard a burglar at the window, took a pistol from under his pillow, and, in attempting to cock the weapon, it was discharged, the ball passing through the body of his five months' old child, and also through the body of his wife, causing the death of both in a few hours. An inquest is being held. Pride is almost crazed in consequence of the terrible accident.

—Carl Maas and wife, of Morgan township, Crawford county, Iowa, locked their three children, aged respectively one, two and a half and four years, in the house on Christmas day, and went to husk corn.—They were shortly after apprised by a neighbor that their house was burning and when they reached it it was wrapped in flames, and the children burned to a crisp. The mother frantically attempted to rush into the flames, but was forcibly prevented. The foggy morning had prevented them from seeing the fire sooner.

—A Ponca Indian, while engaged in the chase a few days ago, was the victim of a singular and fatal accident. He was riding at full speed through a grove of trees, when his neck became suddenly caught between the forked branches of a tree, and, his horse keeping on its course, he hung suspended, like Absalom or Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. His comrades soon after found him, but not until he had choked to death, and so they left him hanging up as he was, and thriftily saved his funeral expenses.

—A singular and romantic piece of good luck has befallen a poor young man, aged eighteen, named August Kohlemann, a bill clerk in the wholesale drug house of Greensfelder Brothers, in St. Louis, working for three dollars per week. Four days ago he received advices from San Francisco that a bachelor uncle, named H. Kohlemann, of whose existence the youth knew nothing, had died leaving him a fortune of $300,000. Young Kohlemann was incredulous, but upon inquiry he learned that the news of his good fortune was true, and he left by the next train to take possession of the wealth left him.

—Great excitement prevails in Washington, D. C. since Saturday, owing to a terrible outrage perpetrated upon a young lady in the eastern part of the city on that day. A movement is on foot for the organization of a vigilance committee to patrol the streets. Two negroes were arrested on suspicion, and but for the strong protests of the police the crowd would have taken the matter in their own hands and summary punishment would have been visited upon at least one of them then and there. A largely attended indignation meeting was held on Saturday evening.

—The N. Y. *Evening Post* tells a very doubtful story in this wise: Perhaps the most remarkable coincidence ever known has taken place in Allentown, Pa., where live Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ward, who have been man and wife since 1867. On the 4th of July, 1870, their first child was born, a second was born July 4, 1871, and a third was born July 4, 1872. Every succeeding 4th of July has been celebrated by Mrs. Wards presenting to her husband a fine, healthy child, and now the Ward family contains eight children born within as many years, and all on the 4th of July.

—A. Shannoi, a French miner employed at the Hood Mines, near Youngstown, Ohio, stepped into the car Saturday morning to go down the slope, supposing it coupled to the chain that lets it down at a gradual speed. It being uncoupled his weight started it, taking him to the bottom, two hundred feet, at a fearful speed, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. He leaves a large family destitute.

—New phase of Enoch Ardenism. In 1847 McArthur, of Ekfrid, Canada, went West, leaving behind him a farm, a wife and two children. In 1849 his wife heard that he was dead, and married one Davidson, by whom she had seven children. Davidson mortgaged the farm, the mortgage was foreclosed and the family ejected. McArthur returned after thirty years' absence, and now the courts have given him back his wife and the property, holding that he was her lawful husband and had done nothing to vitiate his right to the estate.

—A new invention has been perfected in Paris—that of glass printing type. This kind of type is made out of hardened glass, and is as hard as lead. They last longer than the matallic; are not liable to be crushed by the printing cylinder; they do not suffer in the least from sudden cooling in stereotyping, and they do not injure the health in handling, as lead types do. In this respect they have great advantage. The atmosphere in printing offices is impregnated with particles of lead, and chronic lead poisoning is one of the complaints of type-setters. All this is obviated by the new invention, which has the merit also of being much cheaper.

—At Edenburg, Clarion county, a shocking accident occurred a few evenings ago. Henry Grinager left his home and went down town to make some purchases, leaving his wife alone with their children—Harry, aged five, and Annie, aged three. Mrs. Grinager had been doing some ironing and had a hot fire in the stove. When this was done she undressed the children and put them to bed in an adjoining room, where they were asleep. She extinguished the lamp, closed the stove and went to a neighbor's house, about seventy feet away. Five minutes later the premises were discovered in flames. But it was too late for assistance. The whole house was consumed. Nothing but crisp burned trunks remained of the children.

—The horrors of war have been often described, but the following from a correspondent at Plevna will bear repeating: He says that when the Turks made their sortie they left a thousand sick and wounded starving and unattended. These unfortunates remained in this state three days and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand have been already buried, and about a hundred corpses come from the hospital daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried.—Those killed in battle were unburied. Turkish prisoners are encamped among them and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnal house, surpassing in horror anything imaginable. Let us hope the Russians are doing all they can to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate prisoners.

—Patrick Quinn, convicted of wife murder, November 17th, was sentenced, at Pottsville, on Monday, to eleven years and six months in the Eastern Penitentiary. He made a statement giving his version of the killing, and said he labored under an apprehension that the Mollies were breaking into the house to kill him, and he rushed from bed for a gun which stood in the corner, and fired down the stairway. He heard more noise, and, believing a rush was being made at the door, he took his pistol out of a drawer and fired again. It then dawned upon him that he had shot his wife, and he dressed and went for the priest and a doctor. He insisted on his innocence, but the Court took no stock in his story, and he was sentenced to within six months of the maximum punishment.

—In the little manufacturing village of Queechy, Vt., a new breed of cats have made their appearance. Several old family cats, all of them quite aged, gave birth to litters of kittens of a very peculiar appearance. They were long haired, with large legs and long claws and very heavy tails. One specimen in each litter was raised, so as to see this freak of nature in maturity. At six months of age they are very large. Some of them are striped like a lion, others are quite black. The fur is from three to six inches in length all over the body; a tuft of long hair rims the ears. The head is like that of any cat, except the eyes of all of them have a wild or scared look. At the neck the fur stands out like a wide ruffle, the tail is covered with long fur and would measure, perhaps, six inches in circumference. All of them are very active, and will spring from the floor to the top of a room eight or nine feet high with perfect ease. When frightened, they are disposed to turn and show fight, and they will not permit much petting.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Ben Franklin gave the people of his day a recipe for obtaining health, wealth, and wiscom. The present generation is not supposed to be in want of wisdom, and would prefer happiness combined with health and wealth. The modern way to obtain all these is told in the advertisement of Barrick, Roller & Co., headed "Health and Happiness" in this paper. We cordially recommend our readers to the careful consideration of their advice. [oct]

A MEXICAN MONSTROSITY.—The Mazatlan *Occidental*, a Mexican paper, contains an account of an extraordinary phenomenon in human nature. The mother of this living curiosity is named Antonia Garcia, residing in Rosario, State of Sinaloa. Her husband is Lorenzo Rodriquez, a native of Chapuderos, District of Concordia, in the same State. About nine years ago Antonia gave birth to twins, boys, who still live. Two years afterward she gave birth to three children, all of whom had reached a natural state. About a year ago she gave birth to another child, which promises to develop into a monstrosity. This boy child was born at Copala, and as soon as the phenomenon was known to exist the parents had good grounds to believe that it would be stolen, so they moved to Rosario.

The child, according to the story of its progenitor, was born without other defect than having an indentation on its skull in the shape of a cross. But in a little while the head commenced to grow enormously, and at the end of one year was from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. The indentation, in another sense, may be said to resemble a hand-grenade, in the form of a cross, commencing at the forehead and running back to the nuca or nape of the neck. The other part of the cross extends from ear to ear. The indentations are from two to three inches in width and slightly covered with hair. In the nighttime, by putting a light across the head, the brains and other material can be plainly seen, as if a light-house were shining upon them. The eye-lids of this creature instead of being above the eye are below, and almost encircling it, going upward. The forehead has almost disappeared on account of the deformity of the head. The whole body is extremely rickety, and the skin appears to stick to the dry bones. The monstrosity weighs a little over ten pounds, is healthy, and promises to live many years, and is beloved by its parents. Dr. Rio has offered to make a scientific study of the phenomenon, and the result of his investigations will be given to the public.

—David Hottenstein, of Gatelauneen near Reading, Pa., never turned away a tramp from his door, indeed kept three beds for casual visitors and has had as many as thirty weary wayfarers sleeping in his barn. Verily, he had his reward, for a tramp's pipe set fire to his barns the other day and burned them down.

PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

Sure Cure for Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William—an Indian remedy—called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single bottle has cured the worst old chronic cases of 20 and 30 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment supplies the natural remedy, allays the itching, and gives instant relief. Used as directed it will not stain, but will prove a perfect beautifier. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1. Address DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

For sale by all Druggists.

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DON'T NEGLECT A COUCH

or Cold, when 25 cts. will buy a bottle of Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup at any drug store. It has brought a complete change in Cough medicines, is pleasant as honey, and always cures.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

☞Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, used in connection with Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters will cure CONSUMPTION

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY, Cleveland, O., Oct. 30, '76.

DR. FRAZIER,—Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to suffering humanity to write you. For some time I was sorely afflicted with a cough, raising bad stuff, with every symptom of being a confirmed consumptive. I tried different medicines and cures without finding relief; I also consulted three of our most prominent Cleveland physicians, the last one of whom pronounced my case serious, and informed me that I could not live more than a few months. About this time, hearing of your wonderful success, I commenced taking your Syrup in connection with your Root Bitters, and was at once benefited, and after using the medicine some two months I find myself entirely cured.

TORRENCE DUNN.

☞Mr. Dunn again writes under date of Apr. 4, 1877,—Dr. Frazier, Dear Sir: I can endorse your medicines more strongly than ever from the fact that it is now nearly one year since I was cured. My lungs are to-day strong and sound, having no return of the disease.

☞The above Medicines speak for themselves. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, Proprietor, Cleveland, O.

For sale by all Druggists.

Health and Happiness.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRICHT'S LIVER PILLS!

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed Wm. Wright, Philada." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Hance's Root & Kidney Co., 76 N. 4th St., Phila. [1y-50-76]

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 4, 1878.

THE GREATEST OFFER YET!

AND THE VERY BEST

WE CAN OR WILL MAKE.

The Cambria Freeman

For $1.75 per Year, in Advance,

With 13 cents additional for postage when the paper is sent out of the county, and a valuable

BOOK TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

THE HOME GUIDE!

—OR—

A BOOK BY 500 LADIES,

is the title of a volume of 160 pages, handsomely bound in green cloth and stiff boards, with the title of the book and the legend, "Presented by H. A. McPike to the patrons of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN for 1878," neatly stamped on the side, and containing about 1,500 receipts and hints on Cookery, The Household, The Toilet, Sick Room, &c., contributed by lady readers of the Home Department of the Chicago *Tribune* during the past two or three years. It contains more information than can be found in any of the $2.50 and $3.00 cook books, besides possessing the important advantage *over all others* of being the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES OF PRACTICAL "HOME" KEEPERS.

These select, original and valuable contributions from so many ladies have never before appeared in book form, and this volume is the first and only compilation from the *Tribune* columns. Good judges have predicted that its sale will reach hundreds of thousands, and this prediction is strengthened if not verified by the fact that ten thousand copies were ordered before one copy came from the bindery. We have exclusive control of the book in this locality, and it can be obtained only through this office and only by those who comply with the above terms on or before the 1st day of February next, when the work will be ready for distribution, and all who have already paid or will by that time have paid $1.75 or $1.90, as the case may be—the former sum by those inside and the latter by subscribers outside of the county—for the coming volume of the FREEMAN (1878), will each be presented with a copy of the book.

This is the choicest premium ever given to newspaper subscribers—something of real and practical value. The ladies will be delighted with it, and to them we appeal in a special manner for aid and encouragement. If they can and will induce their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons or other relatives or friends of the sterner sex to accept this very liberal offer, they can certainly hit upon some becoming method for obtaining the prize themselves. Now is the time to attend to the matter, and while you are about it don't forget to urge upon your neighbors the importance of accepting our proposition. Talk the matter up, especially among those who do not take the FREEMAN, but who can be induced to do so if they knew that so much could be had for so little. Remember that you get a newspaper at a reduction in price that will compare favorably with any of its competitors, while at the same time you receive a valuable, practical and useful book of 160 pages without any extra charge. Now is your opportunity, as this unprecedented offer, which is open to all, no matter whether they are in or not, will expire in a few weeks.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

OUR TERMS.—All who pay for the coming volume of the FREEMAN on or before the 20th day of February next, can have their choice of receiving the paper alone for $1.50 per year, or the paper and premium book for $1.75; those who do not pay until after that date and do pay on or before the 20th of April, will receive the paper and book for $1.75 those who pay their subscriptions between April 20th and July 20th will be charged $1.75; for the paper alone; and all who neglect to pay until after the latter date will be charged the full $2.00 for the paper, without the premium, provided they do not postpone payment until the close of the year, when 25 cents more will be added with interest until paid. Subscribers outside of the county will be required in all cases to remit 15 cents extra to prepay postage, and under no circumstances whatever will the above terms be departed from.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—A happy new year to every re-*dear*e.

—A great deal of plowing has been done by our granger friends this winter.

—It is not right to write 1877 any more when dating letters and "such like."

—The indications now are that there will be ice time before long.

—Now is the time to turn over a new leaf and not it on the other side.

—There has been no sleigh-vish work in running a livery stable this winter so far.

—Deer and pheasant shooting will be among the lost arts for some time to come.

—A seven-year old girl in Coketown, Westmoreland county, weighs 144 pounds.

—A large wild turkey was shot near Mineral Point, this county, on Monday last.

—A hog was slaughtered in Huntingdon county the other day which dressed 525 pounds.

—Dame Nature turned over a clean white page on Wednesday, but the effort at reform turned out to be snow go.

—Sheriff Evan and Jury Commissioners Cramer and Dumm are busily engaged in filling the jury wheel for the year 1878.

—Messrs. A. A. Barker & Son are amply prepared to discount all other dealers in the price of merchandise of every description.

—Pleasant as honey, the old folks like it, the young people like it, and the babies cry for it. We mean Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup. [12-21.-1y.]

—Since the discovery of Dr. William's Indian Ointment there is certainly no excuse for any one to suffer with the Piles. See special notice. [12-21.-1y.]

—In the winter of 1839-'40 there was no snow until January 31, and this season there has none worth mentioning until the 21 of the same month.

—"The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave," and as long as it continues to do so the popularity of W. & D. Rinehart's Peerless Navy will increase.

—Many persons in this county will be sorry to learn that Wm. H. Gardner, Esq., formerly of Wilmore, is lying seriously ill at his home in Hollidaysburg.

—Great as were the bargains given by A. A. Barker & Son before the holidays, they are infinitely better now, as any person can testify who favors them with a visit.

—Rumor has it that the Pa. R. R. Co. have ordered 40,000 tons of steel rails from the Columbia Iron Works and Pennsylvania Steel Company. Rail glad to hear it.

—Mr. Wm. Griffiths, of Altoona, received on Christmas presents two days in advance of the appointed time. They came in the shape of triplets—two girls and a boy.

—Well, we had a green Christmas, if a cold, damp and disagreeable day can be called green, and now it remains to be seen what the graveyards are going to do about it.

—We have received the prospectus of that able and efficient journal, the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, but find it impossible to make room for it this week. It will appear in our next issue.

—The decorations were beautiful and the singing of the excellent choir at the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, during the holiday season just closed, was more than usually pleasing.

—Celery is said to be a good diet for brain workers, as it makes them think with more alacrity, but in our case we incline to the opinion that a comfortable salary would have a better effect.

—Short's neglect to attend the grand vocal and instrumental concert to be given at the Court House this (Friday) evening for the benefit of the Ebensburg silver cornet band is an institution of one town that is well deserving of public approval and patronage.

—At a Sheriff's sale in Jackson township, a few days ago, about 150 bushels of corn in the ear were sold for $1, about 50 bushels of oats for $1.50, four tons of thereabouts of hay and straw for $2, a horse hay-rake for $3, and a good mare for $8. Stupendous times there.

—It is a great newsance to be obliged to go back to work after taking a week's vacation, and hence it is that our paper this week does not come up to the average in the matter of local news.

—Plenty of boots, shoes, clothing, dry goods, groceries, etc., still on hand at the cheap cash store of A. A. Barker & Son, where no one can fail to find just what they want at the very lowest price.

—Public squares are a great blessing to the community. We can say the same of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup; it is the best remedy for the cure of all diseases babyhood has to encounter. Price only 25 cents.

—Prothonotary-elect O'Donnell, District Attorney Rose, and the other county officers chosen at the recent election, will take the usual oath and enter upon the duties of their respective positions on Monday next.

—B. F. Rose, Esq., of Altoona, an ex-Associate Judge of Blair county, has been appointed superintendent of the Senate folding room at Harrisburg—a position held during the last session by Mr. J. Alex. Moore, of this place.

—Frank, a five-year old son of our friend and patron, Mr. J. C. Walkinshaw, of East Conemaugh, had the misfortune to sever the front finger from his right hand while engaged on Saturday last in chopping sticks with a hatchet.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones, of this place, is disposing of her entire stock of winter hats at cost prices, and ladies wanting anything of that kind had better call soon, as they are going off at a rapid rate. Full trimmed hats at from $1.00 to $1.25.

—As the case now stands, so far as we know, the nomination for Register and Recorder will have to go to one of three 'L's—Lake, Langhein, or Luckett—Beecher's pretended belief that there is no such place to the contrary notwithstanding.

—An old Baltimore negro who had emigrated to Liberia years ago, ordered a quantity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a short time ago, stating that although coughs and colds were not frequent in Africa, he would not like to be without it in his family.

—Messrs. Jas. B. Zahm and Howard Jones, two Ebensburg boys, are at present engaged in putting down an oil well on the outskirts of Petrolia, Butler county, for Mr. Jeff. Varney, formerly of Johnstown and subsequently of Chest Springs, this county.

—Charity has taken the shape of 'sassage' meat to a great extent this winter, but of course the mild weather and a consequent fear that the "linked sweetness" would "spile" on their hands has had no influence in thus shaping the charity of our people.

—For a couple of yards of excellent sausage, part of the product of the two mammoth hogs which went the way of all flesh in this place the other day, our young friend Charles Latterner will please accept the thanks of the editor and his grateful household.

—Lieut.-Gov. John Latta was married in Greensburg, on Christmas day, to Miss Rosa McClelland, daughter of Col. McClelland, of that place, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Protheree, of the Episcopal church. This is the second time Mr. Latta has gone through the "flint-mill."

—Mrs. Mary Harkins, aged about 64 years, formerly a resident of Cambria borough, this county, was found dead in bed at her home in Braddock's, Allegheny county, on Sunday morning last. Heart disease is said to have been the cause of death. Her remains were brought to Johnstown for interment.

—It is not surprising that W. & D. Rinehart's No. 1 Long Cut is monopolizing public favor, when we consider that it is made of the very best material.

—It will be news to our readers to learn as we do from an exchange that a track laborer on the Pa. R. R. was struck and killed by a train of cars at Lawrenceville, *Tioga* county, on Monday morning last. How the Pa. R. R. came to stray away up into Tioga county is what will bother everybody along the line.

—Mr. Michael Latterner, of this place, slaughtered two hogs on the day after Christmas which weighed respectively 457½ and 383 pounds, making in all 840½ pounds of clean meat. The porkers were two year olds, and the heftiest pair for their age we have heard of being butchered in Cambria county this season.

—Attention is once more invited to the sale of the Gantner farm, two miles from Carrolltown, which is to take place on Monday next. The farm referred to contains 153 acres, 100 acres of which are cleared, and is not only well improved and supplied with good buildings of all kind, but is underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay.

—An expert from the Butler oil regions, who was employed last summer a year in putting down the artesian well in this place and who was here on a visit a few days ago says that there are as good surface indications in this section as in any part of the oil region, but of course a well in this vicinity would have to be bored very much deeper.

—Boston baked beans, a new Yankee notion, can be bought at the cheap cash store of A. A. Barker & Son for thirty cents per can. The beans are baked with pork, and are all ready for the table. We have tried them, thanks to the kindly consideration of the Messrs. Barker, and can recommend them as quite palatable and by no means blustery.

—A Gallitzin township correspondent who claims to be "an old admirer of *femail* society," takes the liberty to "introduce" a little advice to young ladies through the columns of the FREEMAN, but as he fails to "introduce" himself to us by his proper name, we have taken the liberty to introduce his production to the common receptacle for anonymous communications.

—Mr. Joseph Peterman, of Ursina, Somerset county, was accidentally shot in the forehead and instantly killed on Thursday last by Mr. W. S. Kellerman, in company with whom and a gentleman named John Shaw he was at the time engaged in hunting near his home. The unfortunate man was aged about 45 years and leaves a large family to lament his tragic death.

—Mr. John Dias, of Indiana county, while out hunting a few days ago, rested one of his arms on the muzzle of his gun, and while in that position his dog playfully put his paw upon the hammer and drew it back, when his paw slipped and the hammer came down upon the cap with such force as to discharge the weapon, the contents taking effect in Mr. Dias' arm, lacerating it quite severely.

—The Fast Line west on Saturday night last, on which we happened to be a passenger, struck a man whose name was subsequently ascertained to be Daniel Kelly, a rolling mill employe, while near Turtle Creek, about midnight, and injured him so badly that he died in a few minutes after being put on board the baggage car, the train backing to the spot for that purpose.

—Mr. Geo. Gurley, of this place, is on the warpath for County Commissioner, and will be greatly rejoiced if the next Democratic county convention should select him as one of the chosen three. When it comes to voting the Democratic ticket George is always there, and as everybody wishes him well, there will not be much crying, we opine, if he should happen to "make the riffle."

—Some people whose ideas are about two degrees above an oyster may sneer, but sensible ones choose W. & D. Rinehart's No. 1 Long Cut Smoking Tobacco.

—We did not find it convenient to attend the Teachers' Institute in Johnstown last week, but took it for granted that some one interested in the cause would furnish us with a resume of the proceedings for publication. In this, however, we have been disappointed, and having no report of the doings at hand from which to make a synopsis, we are constrained to let the matter go by default.

—Our worthy typo friend and correspondent, Mr. Scott Williams, an employe in the *Oil Times* establishment, at Edenburg, Clarion county, paid his wife and little ones a visit during the holidays, and tarried amongst us from Monday until Friday of last week. Scott is a model man and a good printer, and if the best of luck should strike him, as we hope it will, it will be sure to hit the right man.

—Messrs. T. C. Maher, R. H. Bruce and John O'Hara, of Blairsville, sailed from Philadelphia on Wednesday last for Brazil, where they go as employes of the Colli is Bros., the two former as civil engineers and the latter, whom we have long and intimately known, is to have charge of a gang of laborers—a position for which many years of service as railroad contractor and foreman has well fitted him.

—John Leonard Nemberger, a German, sixty-five years of age, who has resided in Johnstown for the last twenty-eight years, committed suicide on Friday last by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, having previous to the act set fire to the house in which he has lived alone for a number of years. He was known as "the gunsmith."

...Our lightning-manipulating friend Condon, telegraph operator at Cresson, took to himself a wife a few days ago in the person of Miss Ray, a very estimable young lady resident of Gallitzin. We have no particulars, but learn that the happy couple were married at the cathedral in Pittsburg. We extend our hearty congratulations, and only regret that they did not favor us with the joyful announcement in proper shape.

—The entire family of Mr. Jacob Warner, of Summitville, this county, consisting of himself, wife and four or five children, are, or at least were a few days ago, down with the typhoid fever, of which disease one other child died a week or two ago. In addition to this great affliction the family is in very destitute circumstances, and their misfortunes appeal very loudly to the charity of all who have hearts to feel for the woes of others.

—Jack Brown, the oldest citizen of Hollidaysburg—a quiet, inoffensive and hard-working colored man whom we knew ever since we knew anybody—died a few days at the remarkable age of 93 years. The deceased, if we mistake not, was the father of nineteen children, and throughout life was a steadfast and consistent democrat, voting that ticket previous to the adoption of the constitution of 1838 and again after the adoption of the fifteenth amendment.

—Messrs. Geo. Gurley, "Don." Kittell, John E. Scanlan, Will. Ward and Samuel Lilly, members of the Catholic total abstinence society of this place, voluntarily renewed their pledge before the altar for a term of ten years on Tuesday evening last. Other members of the association, and no doubt many who have not yet attached themselves to the organization, will ere long follow the commendable example that has been set them by those who have thus taken the initiative in the good work.

—Our young friend "Don." Kittell, had the misfortune a few days ago, owing to the stringency of the times, to lose a comfortable "posish" in Pittsburgh, where, it is needless to say, that he did full justice to his employes, and is now at his home in this place with the intention of fitting himself for the legal profession in the law office of W. H. Sechler, Esq. "Don" has the ability to make an excellent lawyer, and if a bright light don't "Don" on the profession ere many years we are much mistaken in our estimate of the young gentleman aforesaid.

—Probably because he had no mother-in-law of his own in the land of the living with whom to form an alliance of the kind, an old gentleman in this vicinity did the next best thing not many days ago by marrying a lady holding that relationship to one of his own sons both the high contracting parties being upward of seventy years old. By this alliance the venerable groom becomes the father-in-law of his own offspring, the stepfather of his daughter-in-law, and—well, if there is anything else, relatively speaking, that he has made of himself in the operation we haven't time to cipher it out just now.

—"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," that some one was quietly enjoying the No. 1 Long Cut of W. & D. Rinehart, Pittsburgh.

—The Board of Poor Directors on Tuesday last reappointed Mr. Isadore Lilly as Steward for the current year and continued Dr. A. M. Keim, who had been appointed to fill the unexpired term of Dr. J. J. Catman, as house and Dr. A. Yeagley as o. d. p. physicians. J. P. Linton, Esq., of Johnstown, and G. W. Oatman, Esq., of this place were also reappointed as counsel to the Board for a like period. The admirable manner in which the present steward and his excellent lady conduct the county house is of course what secured the gift of continuance in his case.

—Mr. Henry C. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, requests us to state that he will be a candidate before the next Democratic county convention for nomination as one of the County Auditors. Mr. K. is a farmer and a highly respectable and intelligent citizen of northern Cambria. Our knowledge of him enables us to say that he has always been a true and consistent Democrat and that when a county ticket has been regularly nominated it has always found in him an active and energetic supporter. No more competent or worthy man than Mr. Kirkpatrick could be nominated.

...Off with the old and on with the new is just now in order for all men to do, and in doing that same it is fair to suppose that none will forget that good suits of clothes, of textures the best and at prices quite low, can be bought from G. Wolff, who, as all people know has a stock that's complete of all sizes and styles, on shelves and on counters, in great massive piles, and is able and anxious all his patrons to please, and supply every want with the greatest of ease. Don't forget to call on Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa., when you wish to renew your wardrobe.

—The weather thus far during the present winter has been specially favorable to those who are engaged in "logging" lumber, so far as cutting down the trees is concerned, but as to the important work of getting the logs to the streams so as to float them to market in the spring, it has been entirely against the lumbermen, owing to the almost total absence of snow. It is not to be presumed, however, that the winter will pass away without snow enough having fallen for the purpose mentioned. If it should so happen, it would prove to be a very serious loss to the northern section of this county.

—Rev. Father Aloysius Hume, pastor of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Catholic church, Pittsburgh, died very suddenly of heart disease on Monday night last. He was thirty-three years of age, and was a son of William Hume, formerly of Pittsburgh, but now and for some time past a resident of Latrobe. Father Hume was partially educated at St. Vincent's College, but completed his studies in a four years' course at Rome, where he was ordained priest and the title of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him. He did much to advance the cause of religion and education among his parishioners, and was beloved and respected by all classes of people.

—Mr. George Hildebrand, sr., of Taylor township, who was born in Franklin county but resided in Cambria for about eighty years, died a few days ago at the patriarchal age of 90 years, 2 months and 4 days. The deceased was one of a family of nine sons and four daughters, only two of whom—Mrs. Burkhart, of this county, and Mrs. Brown, of Conneautville, Pa.—survive him, while of his direct descendants there is a record of sixteen children, sixty-nine grandchildren, (fifty-three of whom are still living,) one hundred and forty-two great-grandchildren, (seven of whom are dead,) and six great-great-grandchildren living and one dead.

—We are not only under obligations to Mr. John J. Murphy, of 130 Grant street, Pittsburgh, for a copy of the Catholic Family Almanac for 1878, a valuable little annual which we noticed more particularly in our last issue, and a copy of which can be obtained by enclosing 25 cents to Mr. Murphy, but we are in a special manner indebted to him for two elegantly bound volumes of a religious character which he kindly presented as a New Year offering. Mr. Murphy has a very large stock of books, stationary, religious articles and notions generally on hand, and can promptly supply any demand in that line made upon him by his hosts of friends in Cambria county. We advise all our readers to send him their orders.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* is responsible because it fails to give credit to the Greensburg *Democrat*, for the assertion that the proposed pipe line from the oil regions to Baltimore is to pass through Butler, Cambria, Blair, Huntingdon, Franklin, Cumberland and Adams counties, in this State, and through Carroll and Baltimore counties, in Maryland, but how it is going to get around Armstrong and Indiana counties in order to reach Cambria is a mystery which neither paper sees fit to explain. The cost for transporting oil, it is further asserted, has been variously estimated at from five to fifteen cents per barrel, according to distance and circumstances. The maximum price of pipeage in the new line is to be forty cents.

—Many consumptives are now using Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters and Cough Syrup with remarkable success. [12-21.-1y.]

—Mr. T. H. Heist, the indefatigable proprietor of the Mountain House in this place never wearies of well doing in the matter of substantial and needful improvements in and about the popular hotel which he knows so well how to conduct to the entire satisfaction of all who tarry with him. His latest achievement in that line is a well laid plank-walk on Centre street, which is a decided improvement on the old one and a source of gratification to all who have occasion to pass along that leading thoroughfare, especially after night fall.

—As the beginning of a new year is always the accepted time for forming good resolutions, it is now in order to remind people who have never been in the habit of buying goods at the cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd that no better time than the present could be selected for taking a new departure in that direction, as the enterprising firm above named, cheap as the cheapest though their prices are at all times, are now giving greater bargains than ever, the object in view being to close out their large and elegant stock of winter goods as soon as possible. Call soon and buy abundantly.

—Mr. J. K. Russell, foreman of the Pittsburgh division round house at Altoona, has been presented by the Pa. R. R. Co. with $1,000 in consideration of his valuable services in saving property that would otherwise have been destroyed by the mob during the July riots; and Thos. Ridley, passenger engineer on the Pittsburgh division, has received a gold watch and chain, worth $400, and a check for $100 from the same source, as a recompense for his fidelity during the Pittsburgh riots and in recognition of his twenty-five years' faithful service in the employ of the company. John I. Smith, of Nineveh, and Daniel Williams, of Greensburg, the first engineer and conductor who entered Pittsburgh after the riot, have been presented with $200 and $150, respectively, while each of the crew received $50.

—Mr. Jas. J. Murphy, the well known clothing man of Johnstown, accompanied by his eleven-year old son, spent Wednesday last in our town as the guest of his brother-in-law, Sheriff Ryan. Mr. Murphy, it is almost needless to inform any of our home readers at least, is one of the most respected and most prosperous citizen of the Cambria county metropolis, and the good name and substantial position won by him has been honestly earned by a long and prosperous business career, which has at all times been marked by the strictest integrity and the most faithful adherence to honest dealing. No one wishing to purchase ready-made clothing or other articles in his line can do better anywhere than with Mr. Murphy, who keeps an immense stock of the very best goods and never asks more than a fair living profit on what he sells.

NO COLORED LABORERS FOR BRAZIL.—A telegraphic dispatch from the Brazilian government was received a few days ago by our whilom townsmen, Messrs. P. & T. Collins, informing them that negroes would not be permitted to enter that country as laborers on the Maderia River Railroad, of which they are the contractors. The reason assigned for this refusal is that it might create trouble among the slaves in that country. The contractors will not, therefore, send out the large body of colored men they had engaged as laborers in Virginia. The steamer Mercedita, chartered by the Messrs. Collins, sailed from Philadelphia on Wednesday last for Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and from there will proceed up that river and the Madeira river, a distance of over 1,300 miles, to where the work on the road will be commenced. The entire trip will take about thirty days. It is the intention to send out a steamer once every month. The Mercedita had on board between two and three hundred laborers, about 370 tons of railroad iron, portable engines, and an immense quantity of railroad tools. We learn that Mr. Thos. Collins, who was here last week, will take passage with his wife for Brazil in the next steamer and will remain there permanently to superintend the work.

A CARD.
To the Ladies.

In our Cloak Department we have reduced the prices on all our Fine Foreign Novelties, embracing the latest shapes and materials imported.

SEAL COATS REDUCED.
SILK MATALASSE COATS REDUCED.
FINE WOOL MATALASSE COATS REDUCED.
PARIS AND BERLIN CAPES AND WRAPS REDUCED.
REAL INDIA and PAISLEY SHAWLS REDUCED.
FINE CAMEL'S HAIR CIRCULARS REDUCED.

Visit our Cloak Department for real bargains. HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOW IT IS DONE.—The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second (good health) by using GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents.—Positively sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and by all first-class Druggists in the U. S.

THE Dandelion and Mandrake Pills, made by E. K. Thompson, are a very mild tonic and diuretic, stimulating the liver to secrete the bile and acid which forms about the torpid organ, passing from thence into the blood, affecting the heart, stomach and digestive organs. We recommend taking one pill every night for 20 or 30 days, as a tonic and cleanser of the stomach, without regard to moving the bowels, for when we produce a healthy action of the stomach, we have overcome the great cause of chronic constipation which afflicts so many middle-aged people, brought on by over-eating, or improper and indigestible food.

Prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., and sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg. Price 25 cents per box.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.—In order to introduce the Diamond Spring Wheat in this section, I will send a small package of sample grains, with special terms to agents, and my Seed Catalogue for 1878, free of charge to every reader of this paper on receipt of a three cent stamp to pay postage. The Diamond Wheat is the largest in the world. It grows and matures in any climate in the United States. The grains average nearly one-half inch in length. One grain produces from 25 to 35 stalks, with heads averaging from 7 to 9 inches, and each head containing about 40 grains.

Address W. S. TIPTON, Seedsman,
Cleveland, Tennessee.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—To the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, add two cups of white sugar, three-quarters cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three and a half cups of flour, having in it one measure Banner Baking Powder. Whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in jelly cake pans. When cold, spread each layer with an icing made with the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, one pound of powdered sugar, and one tablespoonful extract of lemon. Each can of BANNER Baking Powder contains a measure, to use instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the BANNER Powder, and take no other.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take two eggs, beaten, three-quarters pound white sugar, one teaspoonful salt, half pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, if they are desired very short; mix together with a spoon; then add three pints of flour, having in it one and a half measures Banner Baking Powder. Each can of Banner Baking Powder contains a measure to use instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the Banner Powder and take no other.

—The more we think of it, the more important it seems to be, that all who are fond of good Chewing Tobacco should demand W. & D. Rinehart's Peerless Navy.

Poetical Contribution.

VARIOUS VERSES.

I did myself brown
And I went into town
To view all the sights I could view, sir;
The Institute there
Was the *hum ton* affair,
And I'll tell you just how they did do, sir.

CHORUS.—O, how they did do, sir;
Now this is all true, sir,
The things I have seen,
They are not very green,
And I'll tell you just what they did do, sir.

The school ma'ams were there
With their beautiful hair
All done in the style that is new, sir;
Their cheeks, cherry red,
Like a bright posy bed,
And eyes that did sparkle like dew, sir.
Chorus.

Now, professors were there
With their beards like a bear,
And they showed us some rules that were new, sir;
The boys they could flog
At a pretty good jog,
But that is between me and you, sir.
Chorus.

They taught us to read
On a new plan indeed,
And cat we could spell "like a mice," sir,
While any small word
That they put on the board
We "gobbled it up" in a trice, sir.
Chorus.

Then objects were showed
And instructions bestowed,
Which paid us right well to be there, sir;
For what did it enhance,
All could see at a glance
'Twas given by lips that were fair, sir.
Chorus.

Then penmanship, too,
Was presented to view,
With eloquence manly and true, sir;
And notes they did sing
In a sol-fa-ing ring,
Which sprinkled our spirits like dew, sir.
Chorus.

They showed on the board
There, by line and by word,
By angles obtuse and acute, sir,
How teachers could draw
Without making a flaw
And teach object lessons to boot, sir.
Chorus.

Pyrotechnics were there
In the hands of the fair,
While she made a big fire on a plate, sir;
And while she was at it
Some hearts went pit-pat-it,
And thought she would make a good mate, sir.
Chorus.

As we came near the line
When the people do dine,
Of grumbler they gave us a dose, sir;
For all kinds of verbs,
Like a hash of good herbs,
To stick to our stomachs so close, sir.
Chorus.

The directors were there,
And they made quite a flare,
For one of them made quite a speech, sir;
The teachers he'd pay
In a cleverer way
And furnish them tools for to teach, sir.
Chorus.

So let every one strive,
When the time doth arrive,
To go to the Institute early,
Instruction he'll find
Both for manner and mind
Repaying expenses so fairly.

A. D. H.

Letter from Kansas.

SALINA, KAN., Dec. 21, 1877.

DEAR MAC—It must be nearly a year since I promised to send you a correspondence, and want of time is about the only excuse I have to offer, and "want of time" will compel me to make it brief even now. We are getting so many Pennsylvanians, and especially Cambria countians, into Salina county now, that a few lines may interest the many readers of the FREEMAN. I will proceed at once. The year drawing to a close has been a queer one in the history of Kansas, meteorologically and agriculturally speaking. Just think of a State that had the reputation of being droughty and dry as powder a few years ago, being nearly flooded this year—the floods, however, doing very little damage to crops. Wheat was somewhat injured by the excessive rains last spring, while corn was greatly benefitted. Of the former cereal, Kansas this year has a fair crop, and of the latter an immense one. The average per acre of winter wheat this year in Salina county exceeds that of any other county in the State by two bushels to the acre. Our county is by all odds the best wheat-growing county in the State, and, I am happy to say, among the most successful farmers, if not the most successful, are the Pennsylvanians. Generally speaking, they are "workers." It is astonishing how our county is filling up. Never before has emigration poured in so rapidly as during the last twelve months, and Pennsylvania takes the lead.

Commercial travellers, or "drummers," as they are sometimes called, who travel our State over, do not hesitate in pronouncing Salina by far the best business town in Kansas. Though small in population (less than 3,000), an immense amount of business is done here. It is nothing unusual for to pay across our counter ten thousand dollars per day cash for wheat and broom corn marketed here. Salina has five grain elevators and two broom corn warehouses. Imagine a single store in our town selling within the past week in three consecutive business days—not far from nine hundred dollars per day. People always complain of hard times even when the times are good, and so they do here. Still, when I compare what I see daily in Salina with what I saw in Pennsylvania last December, I should say our farmers, as well as merchants, should be cowhided (don't consider me severe) if they complain of hard times.

You have no idea how many letters I receive from all over the east from parties wanting to know "all about Kansas," and "don't fail to answer by return mail, as *me and my brother-in-law intend coming out*," etc.

Well, in order to be brief, as I said I would, I will conclude for the present.

Respectfully, W. R. GEIS.

OBITUARY.

LAKE.—Died, at Loretto, on Wednesday, December 26, 1877, WILLIAM LAKE, aged 85 years.

The deceased was one of the oldest citizens of the county. He was born at Trelleck, Monmouthshire, England, in 1792, and emigrated to this country in 1810, when in his eighteenth year, and soon after his arrival in America engaged at wagoning between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, which business he followed until the completion of the old Portage Railroad, when he settled in this county and engaged in the business of farming, and had been a resident of the county from that time. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto on Friday, the 28th ult., to which last resting place they were followed by a large concourse of relatives and acquaintances. In all the relations of life his was exemplary. He was an affectionate husband, a loving father, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a devout Christian. It was always his greatest pleasure to perform acts of charity and kindness by which to alleviate the suffering and promote the happiness of his fellow beings. During his life he was highly esteemed by his neighbors and acquaintances, for his many virtues, as well as his happy, jovial disposition, and died without an enemy or an unkind thought towards any one. His relatives and friends sorrow and mourn that he is no more, but feel consoled in the belief that his life was such that his rest must be sweet and undisturbed. May he rest in peace eternal.

SKELLY.—Died, in this place, December 27, 1877, VINCENT R., infant son of Joseph and Susie Skelly, aged 10 months and 8 days.

His parents of a child bereft,
And a dear and cherished one;
No tie of a brother's or sister's love
But has been severed, and all
Have said their last good-bye.

Your little voice no more we'll hear,
Which fell so sweetly on my ear;
Your little form, that blessed our sight all day,
In quiet we have laid beneath the clay.

To you, weeping parents, he sends
Down his constant prayer;
Through you he has gained his crown. A. P.

BROOKBANK.—Died, at his residence in Washington township, on Sunday last, Dec. 30, 1877, Mr. THOMAS BROOKBANK, aged about 70 years.

Mr. B. was a hard-working, industrious man, and an honest, upright citizen. His walk in life was peaceful, quiet, and without offense. He left a good name behind him and died, we believe, without an enemy. May he rest in peace.

OFFICE OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting for the election of Directors, will be held at said office, on MONDAY, January 14, 1878, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

January 2, 1878. 2*.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—On Dec. 12, 1877, on motion of A. V. BARKER, Esq., the Orphans' Court of Cambria county appointed the undersigned Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of CHARLES BUXTON, trustee to sell the real estate of LEWIS BENSINGER, deceased, as shown by his second and partial account, to and amongst the parties entitled to receive the same. Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. F. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 28, 1877. 3t.

BARKERS' BIG BIGGER BIGGEST BARGAINS IN CAPS! CLOTHS! CLOTHING! CASSIMERES! CARROLLTOWN.

OUR SALES-BOOK WILL SHOW THAT

WE HAVE SOLD MORE GOODS

DURING THE PAST SIX MONTHS

THAN ANY FIRM IN NORTHERN CAMBRIA.

AND THE REASON IS THAT WE HAVE

SOLD at LOWER PRICES

THAN ANY ONE ELSE COULD DO,

And now wish to inform the people of Carrolltown and vicinity that we have in our Store the

Largest and Most Complete

STOCK OF GOODS

Ever brought to Northern Cambria, and which we are offering

AT PRICES EVEN LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The reason we can afford to do this is, that by buying Goods in large quantities, and buying for cash only, we are enabled to get the very best terms, and the reason why you should buy from us is, that

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☞ We were among the first to open out in Carrolltown and we do not intend to be driven away by new stores, big advertisements, great promises, or anything of that kind; so if you want to deal

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A. A. BARKER & SON,

CARROLLTOWN.

Assignee's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1878,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., described as follows: Beginning at a beech on Chest Creek; thence south 84 degrees, east 60 perches, to a large sugar; thence by land in name of Isaac Van Ast, south 2 degrees, east 158 perches, to an ironwood; thence by land conveyed in name of Moses Cox, south 88 degrees, west about 139 perches, to Chest Creek; thence down Chest Creek, the several courses and distances thereof, to the place of beginning—containing about 100 Acres, about 40 ACRES cleared, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, a one-and-a-half story PLANK HOUSE, and a STABLE.

RESERVATION.—I am also directed in said order of Court to offer said property for sale reserving right of way for pipe, &c., conveyed by deed to Herman Haupt, and if a sufficient price be bid to cover debts of record, then make report of such sale. If a sufficient price to cover said debts be not bid, then he is ordered to offer the same without reservations.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, one-third in one year thereafter, and the balance in two years thereafter. Payments deferred to bear interest from the confirmation of the sale, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. JOHN WAGNER,

Assignee of Charles A. McMullen.

Jan. 4, 1878.

STRAY HORSE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Cambria township, on the evening of the 27th of December last, a large bay horse, about sixteen hands high and aged between seven and eight years. No marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. THOMAS HOOVER.

Cambria Twp., Jan. 4, 1878. 3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Whereas Paul Ellwanger and Regina Ellwanger, his wife, of the borough of Carrolltown, Cambria county, have made an assignment to me of their real and personal estate for the benefit of their creditors, those indebted to said Paul and Regina Ellwanger are requested to make payment, and those having claims against them will pre sent them to me for settlement.

JACOB YEAGLEY, Assignee, &c.

Carrolltown, Jan. 4, 1878.-3t.

THE CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.

Dr. E. N. Chapman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has discovered an antidote to the poison of diphtheria, by which the percentage of deaths is reduced to less than one in fifty. Statistics show that the percentage of recoveries in cases treated under the usual practice is about thirteen, or eighty-seven out of a hundred sufferers succumb to the fell disease.

Diphtheria first appeared in this country in 1858. Dr. Chapman, in 1859, lost several cases, and became distrustful of the regular methods.—He has been using alcohol in the cure of ship-fever, and he determined, though contrary to all rules, to try it in diphtheria. To his surprise, several of his patients recovered. He then tried quinia, and found it acted well, but not so quickly. At last he settled on a combination of the two, alcohol and quinia, and, with these remedies, he claims that diphtheria is more amendable to treatment than many other diseases. In an epidemic, such as diphtheria, all are affected by the morbid agent; but a few only yield to it. Mature, vigorous persons have vitality enough to resist the disease.—Children and weakly adults are its usual subjects. Dr. Chapman considers that there is, almost always, superadded a local and direct exciting cause, such as defective exercise, improper diet, dark rooms, damp houses, imperfect ventilation and poisonous emanations from decomposing filth in privies, cesspools, sewer pipes, etc. To such agencies the strongest constitutions will soon succumb. The blood being deteriorated, its crasis is impaired and its vitality lowered; and then the sympathetic nerves, failing to receive due stimulous, waver in their efforts to carry on the animal functions.

"All local treatment," he says, "is worse than useless. It exhausts the nerve force and induces greater injections of the blood vessels, thus favoring the exudation.

"Alcohol neutralizes the diphtheritic poisons, sets free the nerves of animal life, subdues the fever and inflammation, destroys the pabulum that sustains the membrane, cuts short the disease, conquers its sequelæ, and shields other members of the family from an attack. Upon the subsidence of the fever, as is usually the case in from twenty to thirty-six hours, a purulent secretion begins to loosen the membrane, and soon, thereafter, to detach it in flaky, ragged fragments. This process may take place, and recovery be possible, even when the larynx and trachea are implicated. The membrane is seldom renewed, when this secretion is maintained by a steady use of the remedy. Alcohol is as antagonistic to diphtheria as belladonna to opium, or quinia to malaria. Like any other antidote, it must be given promptly at the outset, or otherwise its potency will be lessened, perhaps lost altogether.

"Alcohol does not act as a stimulant nor induce any of its ordinary effects. Enough may be given to cause profound intoxication in health, and yet there exists no signs of excitement or odor in breath."

Quinia is an efficient alloy to alcohol. It energizes the ganglionic nervous system, and thus enables the organism to right itself and resume its function.

Dr. Chapman sustains his position by citing numerous cases in which this treatment was successful. He states that, in his long experience, he only knew of one case where a drunkard had diphtheria. He generally gives the alcohol in the form of whisky.

WHAT FIVE SHEEP WILL DO.—Five sheep will enrich an acre of old worn-out mowing land in three years, so that it will produce one and one-half tons of hay per year, for several years, by a light sprinkle of seed each year, sown in the early spring.

Five sheep will produce manure in winter to the value of ten dollars, by giving them suitable bedding.

Five sheep will get their living through the summer on one acre of ground; the pasturing of same would be three dollars.

Five sheep will raise five lambs, worth fifteen dollars.

Five sheep will shear twenty-five pounds of wool, worth six dollars.

Now, let us see how the account stands:

Ground improved by the sheep running on it one year	$15 00
Value of manure in winter	10 00
Five lambs	15 00
Wool	6 00
Sheep getting their living on the land	3 00
	$49 00

The above being credited to the sheep, let us see what it costs to keep five sheep through the winter.

Five sheep will eat one and one-half tons of hay, which cost's	$18 00
Interest and tax	5 00
Care of sheep	10 00
	$33 00

Deducting this from the first mentioned figures we have a profit of $16.00 on five sheep for one year.

Now make it three years, and we have a credit of	$147 00
And debt of	99 00
Leaving as the three years' profit	$48 00

Now, if the above is correct, we have a profit of $48.00 and a grass field that will cut from one to two tons of hay for several years, and without the usual cost of ploughing and the application of manure of some kinds, which is no small item. It may be found best, in some instances, to plough and seed; that depends somewhat upon the condition of the sod—but I am now speaking of land with a firm sod, but bound out and run out as we term it, and producing but a small quantity of hay.—*New England Farmer.*

AQUA FORTIS, applied to steel, produces a black spot.

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LINES TO A DRESSMAKER.

Oh, wherefore bid me leave thy side,
Dear Polly? I would ask;
How can I all my feelings cloak
When in thy smiles I basque?
May, "Polly nay," I cannot go!
Oh, do not stand aloof,
When of my warm affection
You possess, oh, wat-erproof.

Why will you thus my feelings gore
By sending me away?
You know it's wrong, of corset is,
Thus to forbid my stay.
It seems as though some fell disease
Was gnawing at my heart,
And hem-orrhage would soon ensue
If we, perchance, should part.

Then waist the precious time no more
But let the parson tie us
Sew firmly that the marriage knot
Shall never be cut bias,
In peaceful quietude we'll float
On life's unruffled tide,
Nor let the bustle of the world
"Pull back" as on we glide.

CASTLES IN WALES.

The border barons of Norman blood, who took possession of this region forcibly when William the Conqueror became King of England, were compelled to hem in the Welsh people by a chain of tremendous military castles. The saxons were under a like necessity in their day, but the fortresses they erected to protect themselves from the Welsh were not very strong. They were usually of timber, with banks and palisades for further strength about the domestic offices, and a moat around all, with no other wall than the mound thrown up in digging it. Their structures were not enough for the Norman lords marchers; in some cases they used the site of the Saxon fortress to build their stone castles on, but the site was all that had value to them. In order to keep what they had forcibly seized, they must intrench themselves in strongholds capable of defying the most terrific sieges, and which furthermore must be large enough to hold their families and retainers, as well as their warriors in enormous numbers. Hence the prodigious strength and extent of the border castles, whose ruins now make the country picturesque, and which provoked from Dr. Johnson the remark that the court-yard of a castle in Wales is capable of containing all the castles in Scotland. Hence the extensive ruins of "huge Caerphilly" (described in a former paper), of Ragian, of Chepstow, and of many others which dot the landscape at intervals so frequent as to tell an eloquent story. It is difficult to comprehend, in these days of equality before the law, the estate of society which existed in menieæval times, when an absolute monarchy set up here in every little district, with a baronial castle for a center; but one is amazingly helped toward such comprehensions by roaming about from one rnin to another, and discovering that it is actually possible to visit several within the limits of a single day. It is the statement of a romantic historical fact to say that the border bristled with these fendal vultures' nests; but it makes the matter practical to a degree that is positively sensational—like a realistic stage effect—to set out on a tramp over this storied land of the border barons, and find that your first five miles brings you to Caldecot Castle, your second to Chepstow Castle, your third to Tintern Abbey (eloquent of the same tale the castles tell, though in a different way), whence nine miles carry you to Monmouth, and seven more to Ragian, and that you have passed en route, and without pausing to look at them, the ruins of Penhow, Pencoed, Magor, Llanvair, Dinham, Strigull, St. Briavels, and nameless others. In the small border county of Monmouthshire, which is not so large as Oneida county in New York (a center of the Welsh in America), there are no fewer than twenty-five ruined castles, besides many priories and abbeys, each with its tale of battles, sieges, fortunes, during the centuries that stretch between the Norman Conquest and the days of Oliver Cromwell. Of the least of these ruins many interesting pages may be written. Magor and Pencoed stand within two miles of each other. Anywhere else but in Wales each would be a tourist's lion, which enthusiastic travelers would journey far to see.—*Wirt Sikes in Harper's Magazine for January.*

The House that Jack Built.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is the fact. The original is the Chaldee language. To it is added the interpretation, as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sopher Haggadah, vol. 23.

The final stanzas are these:

7. Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought.
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represent himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians,

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

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Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

WOOL! BOUGHT —OR— MADE UP TO ORDER WOOL!

THE EBENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY

Is amply prepared to manufacture to order or exchange Goods of its own make for WOOL, which will be taken at the highest market price, and for the gathering of which wagons will soon be sent to the various sections of the county. The quality of the goods made by us is too well known to need recommendation, and as we are now running our Factory by STEAM POWER, there will be no delay in the manufacture of wool sent or bro't to us for that purpose.

P. S.—Weaving, Carding, Fulling and Dyeing promptly attended to in a workmanlike manner and at the lowest possible rates.

Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown,

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB-STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

☞ Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12.—tf.)

CARL RIVINIUS,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all work in his line, such as repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., at short notice, in the very best manner, and at the lowest possible prices. Shop on High street, one door west of Huntley's store. Please give me a call.

Ebensburg, June 22, 1876.-tf.

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [9-5,'71. tf.]

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

Mr. Wallace has remarked that the birds of New Guinea present a larger portion of brilliantly plumaged species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of Paradise largely contribute. Of this family twenty-four species are known, all confined to the Papaun Islands with a single exception, a Manucodia, which has extended its range to North Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumage of the true paradise birds. Whether for singularity or beauty of plumage the birds of paradise are without rivals in the bird world. Most of them have superb tufts of feathers issuing not from the wings, but from each side of the body, forming sometimes wavy, silky plumes of considerable thickness, sometimes fans which spread on each side of the breast, sometimes shields or long trains behind the wings; central tail feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or terminated by lustrous spangles, all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In the sub-family Epimochinæ instead of tufts from the sides of the body, the accessory plumes spring from the head, the back, or the shoulders; while in the species that stray into North Australia these peculiarities are absent. There is scarcely a hue among the colors of nature which is not found in the endless variety of painting of the paradise birds; not only the lustrous metallic of the humming-bird, but yellows, reds, blues and greens of every degree of intensity. Yet these freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males; the females are all clad in the most sober browns, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a precaution during the labors of the nestling season. Strange notions formerly prevailed among the vulgar as to the birds of paradise. As until recently no European had been able to observe them in life, all our specimens were supplied by natives who always cut off the legs from the skins, on which account they were reputed to be without feet, whence the name of the best known species, Apoda. Peculiar and strange as are these creatures yet there can be no doubt that their nearest allies in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sombreness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the startlings the paradise birds are naturally placed.—*Good Words.*

CANINE ATTACHMENT.

Stories almost innumerable have been enumerated illustrative of the sagacity of the dog and its attachment of its owner. A remarkable and well-authentiated instance, which may not be uninteresting, has just come under my notice, as having occurred some years ago in the neighborhood of Rotherham. A person in Rotherham obtained a young shepherd dog, which he retained for a long period. While in his possession it became much attached to the whole family, and especially to two of its master's sons. After a time circumstances transpired which led to the animal being sent to live permanently at the residence of a farmer at Thorpe Salvin. After the lapse of a considerable time one of the sons of the dog's former master paid a visit to the farm. The dog, on seeing him, appeared to be overjoyed, and was most demonstrative in its indications of delight.

During his stay it would not leave him; and when it became necessary for him to leave in the evening, the animal could scarcely be restrained, and had to be chained up in the room where the family were sitting. As the visitor was taking leave of his host, the poor animal howled in a most piteous manner and manifested other unmistakable signs of grief. Immediately he had left the house the dog all at once became quiet, and, settling down on the floor, seemed to be asleep. The strange and sudden change which had come over the animal was remarked, and, on the parties going to him, he was found to be quite dead. The singular occurrence became well known in the neighborhood, and it was regarded that the dog had died literally heart-broken. When the same dog was only a puppy, it was attacked and beaten by a bigger dog. The defeated animal showed its sagacity, and at the same time its revengeful feelings, by waiting until eighteen months had elapsed, when it had fully grown, and then he lay in wait for his old adversary, as near as possible to where the former combat took place, and gave his former enemy a "drubbing" that nearly cost him his life.

CURING MEAT.—To one gallon water take one half pound salt, half a pound sugar, half ounce saltpetre, half ounce potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Boil together until all the dirt from the sugar arises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when it is cold pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered salpetre, which removes from the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some one in boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is strictly followed, it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way or most ways of putting down meat, and will not be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy and freshness of color.